

NEW YORK Saturday Evening Post A Popular Paper

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by BEADLE AND COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. III.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams,
David Adams.

PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1873.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.

One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year, . . . 3.00.
Two copies, one year, 5.00.

No. 113.

AN ECHO.

BY FRANK M. IMBIE.

'Neath the wide-spreading arms of an old shade tree I rested, a-weary from my roving life; Mortimer would wear a fairer wreath of the wood, And trust to its magic to soothe my sad mood. I said, "In this beautiful world so bright, Why walk we gloom through its marvelous light? What's lacking of pleasure our spirits to cheer? Where can happiness be, if we find it not here?" The wild eldritch echo responded: "Not here."

"Dear eyes have grown heavy with wearisome cares, Loved friends are gone," say the old vacant chairs; We crept into their pale hands on the poor puissant breast—

While the Comforter whispered, "A soul is at rest;" In our hearts, joy-deserted, we folded the pall, And the cypress hangs sadness on Memory's wall.

"Is there need to know what life is so dreary,

That is the new life, they never grow weary;" Firmly the echo spoke, "Never grow weary."

"They tell us, so oft, of that jagged-gemmed shore,

We rest by the dip of the peaceful ear."

Enraptured we'll see through the gates ajar;

We will meet again with our loved and lost,

Whom we left at the edge when their life-boat crossed;

There wait for us on the shining stair;

Oh, tell us, is bliss unalloyed, over there?" Filled with sweet peace came the words, "Over there."

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

somewhere. Ha! ha! ha! isn't it queer? You lost something? How did you lose it here? How did it come here?—I never saw you before."

A strong emotion—one fraught with bitterest sentiment toward Hermoine Greville—held Zone silent. At that moment naught but words of taunting triumph could come from her lips; her triumph was over Hermoine. To speak would be to sting the maniac; and in that case, perhaps she was not yet safe in her rejoicing, even though she held the prize in one hand, and a gleaming weapon in the other, with which to defend herself.

Hermoine frowned.

"Won't you tell me? Come, you'd better. I'm queen here; and if you don't tell me, I'll have you put back into prison. When he comes, he'll condemn you, if I tell him to. He loves me, and will do whatever I ask. And I love him, too. I am not his sister; so we'll be married, some day. Do you love him? If I thought you did, I'd kill you! Ha!—stop!—stop there!"

Zone had wheeled suddenly, and was about to run from the room.

But the maniac was too quick for her—catching her by the dress, and ere she could endeavor to prevent it, or deal a blow with the sharp poniard, had snatched away the valuable papers.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Hermoine mockingly. "You've had your hunt for nothing. I've got your prize—I've got it! And I'm going to find out what it all means, too! Ha! ha! ha!"

With a scream of anger, Zone sprung toward her.

But she vanished in the darkness of the entry, flourishing the papers aloft.

In the same moment a noise at the open drew Zone's attention.

A large shade tree grew outside, extending its luxuriant branches close to the house. On one of the foliated boughs was a man, with eyes fixed full upon her.

As she saw him, she uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"Heaven! Can the grave give up its dead? It is Evard Greville—the true Evard Greville?"

CHAPTER XII.

THE ENCOUNTER IN THE TUNNEL.

As Jose Moreno pressed onward with the fugitives that were flying through the tunnel, his dark countenance wrinkled in a smile—a devilish smile—his snaky eyes shone with a hard glitter, and his white teeth glistened between the parted lips, as he hissed those intimidating words into the ears of the frightened child:

"Be still, or I shall kill you!"

And then he muttered, jubilantly, to himself:

"Oh! a prize! a prize! What will Carl Grand say when I tell him that the heir of Nelson Greville still lives? Admirable fate! So, you'll bribe Jose Moreno to aid in your plots, and then seek to rid yourself of him!" Madre! what a mistake. How uncircumspect, when it was not intended that Jose should die an unnatural death! Ha! ha! a prize! But where can Miguel be? Curse the fellow! he has no brains at all, and is ever making trouble for himself. Can he—*The devil!*"

As he vented the closing exclamation to his mutterings, he stopped short, and gazed in astonishment on a man before him.

It was Evard Greville.

At that juncture there seemed to be a break in the fleeing crowd. No one was near.

The two men eyed each other with all the hot emotions of enmity and deep-set hate contorting their faces.

Jose was first to speak.

"So," he said, sneeringly, "we are met again, Carl Grand!"

"Jose Moreno!"

"Yes, it is he—at your service for a duel to the death, if you wish it. You did not kill me, after all, most generous employer!"

Evard purpled. One hand slid to his pistol-pocket, and fingered the revolver he carried there.

Jose noted the movement. In a trice he was covering his enemy with the muzzle of a similar weapon, while he said, threateningly:

"One little motion, Carl Grand—just a little—and you die! You know I am one to keep my word."

Then Evard's attention was attracted to the child. At first glance he started; then he whitened, drew one hand across his brow, as if he doubted his vision.

"What is that?" he cried. "Who—"

"A-h! you look frightened. Don't you know who it is? Your memory is bad. You forget faces! Study closer—it is Carl Greville, heir of Nelson Greville—"

"You lie!"

"Oh, no; I never tell lies. You did not kill him, either. The devil is against you; and so is Jose Moreno. Can you fight Jose Moreno and the devil? Ha!—take care! If you draw that pistol, I shall certainly shoot you!"

Just then came a cry from behind Jose—a yell, half-screch.

"Captain! Captain!" shouted the voice. "Save me! Satan is at my heels! Help! or I shall be murdered!"

Jose knew it was Miguel. But he was not "green;" he did not turn to see the cause of the disturbance, though the appeal for aid and the patterning of feet told him that his follower was in difficulty.

And it was fortunate for him that he did not look around, for, in one second, Greville would have shot him.

"Captain, help!" shouted Miguel, again.

Then there was another cry—from the lips of the Hunchback. He had recognized Jose. Both of his hated enemies were now before him; and the fury of a demon warned his veins, as he dashed on, close upon Miguel.

The voice of Hercules proved too much for even the schooled nerves of Jose Moreno. He knew who it was; he was thrown off his guard; he wheeled to save himself from whom he feared far more than Evard Greville.

Crack! went Greville's pistol.

Jose staggered to his knees, and, ere he could recover himself, little Carl was torn from his arms.

But, he still held the revolver.

As Miguel came up, panting and snorting in terror, the wounded man raised his weapon and fired at the pursuing form.

Hercules receded, for the ball grazed his temple, and stung like fire. Miguel, with unerring aim, sent the carpet-bag whizzing into the face of his foe.

The Hunchback fell, and over him tripped the small man, who sprawled full length. In a moment he was writhing under the grip of the dwarf, who, half-

stunned, half-blind, supposed him to be one of the Spaniards; and the iron fingers closed in a deadly hold around the throat of the struggling captive.

"Say! Say! Hold on!—no, I mean let go! Murder! You've made a mistake! Lord! you'll strang—urg—murder!" squealed the diminutive humanity, as he wriggled and squirmed like an eel on a hook.

"A curse upon you!" snarled the Hunchback, as he released the man, and tottered to his feet.

But Jose and Miguel had disappeared—Greville and the boy had disappeared.

The break in the crowd now filled up; again the fugitives of the night were hurrying through the tunnel.

Hercules strode on to the west entrance, where he glanced on every side, in vain, for a sight of the two villains. Then he retraced his steps, angry and gloomy in his discomfiture.

A slim shadow, closely hugging the wall, watched him till he was lost to view, finally moving away in the direction of the west opening, tightly grasping a carpet bag, and smiling with satisfaction.

Madeleine had risen, and supported herself by the back of her seat. Her eyes were fixed on her persecutor with a look of proud determination.

"You are disposed to be resolute, madam. But you forget that your daughter is under age, and, as her guardian, I can prevent a marriage I dislike, even if I can not compel her to one I approve."

"I do not admit, sir, that you have any authority over either myself or my daughter."

"I have all the authority with which the law invests me, which I have not voluntarily surrendered."

"The contract—"

"Guarantees no power to you in this matter. You will find that my authority can be enforced."

"It can not be," cried Madeleine, passionately, "that such power can belong to one who has been a husband and father but in name; who has never given my child the slightest protection! I defy you, sir! You can have no legal claim on her obedience!"

"You will find that I have! and I shall take care to make it available. I wish now to speak with Oriel."

"She is engaged, sir."

"Why is it your wish to prevent an interview? If she prove intractable, she may, indeed, have reason to fear me; but I am confident I shall succeed in convincing her that obedience is her best policy."

Madeleine was struggling to control her feelings. She had a great fear of this man; and would have sacrificed her own life to shield her daughter.

As she said him move toward the bell, she intercepted him.

"What do you wish, Mr. Clermont?"

"To send word to Oriel that I wish to speak with her."

"It will be of no use; she will not yield in this matter."

"We shall see."

"Oh, sir, spare her the misery—the shame of this contention! Let my sufferings content you! Let my child be happy!"

"I mean to make her so, by a union suited to her condition."

"I have never asked a favor of you, sir! Grant me this one! Stay! I will buy to you! What is the price you require to allow her to remain in peace?"

"Allow me to ring, madam," rejoined the gentleman, endeavoring to pass her.

"You shall not distress Oriel!" cried the mother, passionately. "I am the mistress of this house! Your message shall not be taken to her; I will forbid it."

Jasper smiled. "If you are the mistress of the house," he said, "I will let it be known that I am your master! Please to stand aside!"

Madeleine had resolved, when the servant came to forbid him to carry the message; but, before her husband could reach the bell, the door was opened, and the footman brought in a note which he presented to the gentleman.

"Say I will be at his house directly," was his reply.

The servant disappeared, and was quickly followed by his mistress, who was anxious to warn her daughter. Marlitt's lip curled as he saw her depart in such haste.

"No further occasion for prolonging the interview, she thinks! Well, I am glad the explanation is over. I must manage to persuade or intimidate Oriel into this marriage. If I can not, I am ruined! I have let things go on too long. I must make up the sum in ten days, or disagree and a prison are before me! Now for the Jew. He must not be seen in this house!"

He was leaning against the mantel in deep thought, when Julius again entered the room.

"Has the man gone?" the master asked, looking up.

"Yes, sir. He said he should expect you."

"Very well; now attend to me. If Mr. Duclos should call, he is on no account to be admitted."

"I will see to it, sir," replied the man, a smile lurking in the corners of his mouth.

"You shall be well rewarded, if he is kept from visiting here. Remember, these are my orders."

"Shall you dine at home, sir?" asked the footman, as his master was leaving the room.

No attention was paid to the question. When the door had closed behind him, Julius exclaimed:

"All right, sir; I am not going to let in Mr. Frank; for he is already in the house, and has been for half an hour! Fond lovers and flinty-hearted fathers! Let me put it down on my notes, how it is. It will be an item for the Jew."

Meanwhile the alarmed mother had joined the lovers in the boudoir.

It was a small, but luxuriously-furnished apartment, opening into a miniature conservatory, where a fountain flashed in the sun; its basin filled with goldfish and delicate aquatic plants and shells. Oriel was seated on one of the sofas covered with crimson damask; her hand clasped in Frank's, his arm encircling her waist. They did not move when the mother entered.

"This 'unknown young fellow' is the son of Colonel Duclos, an officer of merit."

"Indeed! It is strange I never heard of him."

"I told you, sir, many years ago, when the dreadful tragedy occurred—when Lewis—when my child's father and Duclos, his unhappy companion, were murdered on the coast."

"The poor woman could never refer to that fearful occurrence without a shiver of horror through her whole frame. It was some minutes before she recovered her self-control.

"Does it not strike you?" she resumed,

"that there is something providential in the

union of those two children, whose fathers perished together?"

"Highly romantic, no doubt," replied Marlitt, caressing his mustache; "but, unfortunately, out of the question; inasmuch as I have another match in view for my step-daughter."

Madeleine looked at him in astonishment.

"The suitor I favor," he continued, "is the son of a wealthy diplomatist, and is engaged, in the financial department of the office."

"And so, sir, after so many years of indifference and neglect, you suddenly remember you are Oriel's stepfather, because it suits your interest to sacrifice her by some ambitious marriage; or one, perhaps, that will promote your interest!"

"You are right, madam; it will be a capital thing for my interest."

"You would sell her then! But it shall not be! She shall marry Frank Duclos."

"She shall not!"

"She shall marry him, because her happiness—nay, her life—depends upon it! My own life has been a wreck, because I foolishly hoped to find happiness in wealth and station; my daughter shall be saved! Yes—I repeat it—this marriage shall take place—were I to meet my death in the struggle with you!"

Madeleine had risen, and supported herself by the back of her seat. Her eyes were fixed on her persecutor with a look of proud determination.

"The marriage must be hastened; I see no other way of escape," said Madeleine. "But it will require some days, and I tremble for her every moment! Stay—this can be done; she can leave London secretly. Mrs. Byrne is at home; I will write to her this very night to receive her and keep her safe till you can join her. Frank, when every thing is ready. It will not do for her to stay here—and be subjected to Mr. Clermont's tyranny."

"Oh, mamma! let us both go! You and I—"

"I can not venture just yet; I must be here while he remains. But Frank can see you safe; go with you, if necessary. It must all be done secretly; perhaps to-morrow evening, I will pack her things myself; I will write to Ada at once."

"And when shall I come for Oriel?" asked her lover.

"You must not come again. I would not have you meet him. Oh, you do not know him, either of you; but I do! I have had these years—these years!"

She wrung her hands, as if excited by agonizing recollections.

"I will send you word, Frank," she resumed, "where you shall join her; you and she shall take the carriage to the station, while I keep the wolf at bay; the wolf that would devour my pet lamb!"

These words were uttered with streaming tears, while she pressed the girl to her throbbing heart.

After a few minutes' longer consultation, young Duclos took his leave, while the mother and daughter withdrew to make all necessary preparations for the meditated flight. They did not perceive the listener at the keyhole, who had heard all that passed.

The hasty letter to Mrs. Byrne was written, and given to the footman, with strict orders to post it immediately. What he did with it will presently be seen.

"What is that?"

"That you spend your money too fast; much too fast, and have to come on your wife for more from time to time. That she is very good woman, but does not like you, and pays her money to get rid of you; that she means to marry her daughter to Mishler Frank Duclos in spite of you, and to give up all her money to the young people; that will cut you off from your extra supplies, mein vera good friend, and den you will be in von great big pickle!"

"You rascal!" exclaimed Marlitt, starting to his feet; "what is the meaning of this?"

"You know de meaning well; what I mean is—pless my soul!—to make haste and present my draft for four thousand pounds."

"Have you trace of the party?"

"Of course. But I shall give you no information."

"Hugh, you have been doubly a villain!"

"You may spare your remarks, sir; I have been true to myself, and mean to be."

"Hugh, you will sell me these papers?"

"We must arrange about this to-morrow," said Mariitt, rising. "It is of the last importance that this escape is prevented; yet I must not be known to move in it; for I can get her away safely, I can manage the rest."

"Are you sure of the people?"

"As myself; if they are well paid."

"We must arrange about this to-morrow," said Mariitt, rising. "It is of the last importance that this escape is prevented; yet I must not be known to move in it; for I can get her away safely, I can manage the rest."

The boy from the shop looked in, to

say that the hackman was waiting for Mr. Clermont's orders.

"I had forgot," he said; "I promised to dine with some friends. I will see you to-morrow, Hugh; but do not come to my hotel, or to the house. I will call here at one o'clock. Have every thing ready; and don't forget to furnish masks."

"Masks! For what?"

"You do not suppose I shall risk being seen in this affair! You may do as you please; but have a mask for me."

"All very well. Good-evening, my dear friend!"

The twilight had come on during the above colloquy, and the lamps were being lighted in the street. A hackney coach with two horses, in better condition than those belonging to ordinary public vehicles, was drawn up at the door.

"I did not order you to wait here," said Mariitt, angrily, to the driver.

The man respectfully touched the hat slouched over his brows, and explained that he had seen him go into the Jew's shop, and as he remained so long, thought he would like to be taken up there, instead of his hotel.

Mariitt entered the carriage, and ordered the man to drive to Berkeley Square. When he alighted, he bade him return for him at twelve, and handed him half a crown over his regular fare.

"If you can do that, master, I am yours entirely," said the ruffian, heartily. "And if your prospects are so good, I rather think I will cast in with you."

"Hugh, I will pay higher than any one else."

"You are not exactly in condition, sir. Now, if you had the estate in hand—"

"That can be managed," whispered the other. "I have the promise, if I can make the girl marry Ormsley, of a transfer of the portion she would have with an advance sufficient to cover my debts and set me afloat. I shall eschew gaming, and I can manage my wife, Hugh, I will make it your interest to cleave to my fortunes."

"If you can do that, master, I am yours entirely," said the ruffian, heartily. "And if your prospects are so good, I rather think I will cast in with you."

"Twenty thousand pounds?"

"Not a farthing less! But you could not raise the sum now. I know that very well. If you can get the transfer you spoke of, it might be managed."

"It shall be, and you must help me."

"Nobody can do it better."

The tinkling of the shop bell gave notice that the messenger had returned.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 105.)

Almost a Sacrifice.

BY JENNIE D. BURTON.

BALLIER had just left the grand saloon and the billiard table, and stood balancing himself within the street entrance, half-humming a popular air as he wondered idly what he should do next.

He was one of those unfortunate mortals who had "done" the world so completely there seemed nothing fresh, new or attractive, remaining for him. This quandary that was puzzling him now, the mere necessity of killing time in a manner that should least bore him—every thing bored him—was no new one. He had known some enthusiasm, and made some energetic, though slightly disconnected, efforts once upon a time, but, left to himself, it is doubtful if he ever would have accomplished a work to immortalize him.

"How do you know her plans?"

"Ah, sir, I have won little bird, vot flies and tells me every ting."

"Do not dare to jest with me, fellow!"

"There, you are on your high horse again. Vell, den, I know the lady's mind from her letter. Ladies often put their mind in their letters—eh?"

He produced a neatly-folded letter, the seal of which had been broken, opened it to his visitor.

Mariitt recognized his wife's hand-writing at once. In extreme surprise he asked:

"How came this in your possession?"

"Ha, you are astonished, are you? Vell, one of your—I beg pardon—the lady's servants, when he was sent out to put it in the post, made some mistake, by having a crown put before his eyes, and take my pocket for de letter-box."

"You have a spy!" exclaimed the visitor, starting up, his face crimson with rage. "A spy in my house!"

"In the lady's house; you do not live there."

"What is that to you? It is my house as long as my wife lives in it! How dare you employ one of my servants as your spy, or tamper with his honesty, so as to intercept a letter?"

"Now, you are unreasonale, my tear!

If I have not the letter, you would not know what it says. Your daughter would escape—would marry her lover; all your plans would be frustrate. You see it was necessary."

With an impious gesture, enjoining silence, the unscrupulous gentleman read the letter.

It was the one addressed to Mrs. Byrne, making arrangements for Oriel's secret visit and speedy marriage.

The reader smiled grimly as he refolded the letter, which he placed in his vest pocket.

"To-morrow evening," he said, after a pause.

"Surely. Bless my soul, vot a fuss you made about noting! You should save your rage till you have a little more time to spare."

"Never mind my rage; it is all very well this time. Now, tell me, what can be done to prevent the girl's flight?"

"We must catch her, and carry her off ourselves."

"At the station?"

"No—too many people; and young Duflos on the watch for her."

"She will not be alone?"

"If the lady or the maid goes with her, we can dispose of them—eh?"

"She is to leave the house at nine, and take the night train. Her mother is not to accompany her."

"But the young gentleman?"

Duflos is to join her at the station. The carriage is to come direct from the house and pass by Waterloo Bridge. Why not get the young man out of the way, so that they do not meet?"

"It will not do; and the young lady might go on, hoping to meet him afterward."

"She would not go without him; she would return in the carriage, and would then be intercepted. As you plan it, the fellow would miss her directly, and there would be an alarm and a search."

"But I know, sir, of a secret passage from the street into the garden of a little hotel, where I know the folk well. There is a deep fountain in the center of the garden, and a drain opening to the river."

"Are you sure of the people?"

"As myself; if they are well paid."

"We must arrange about this to-morrow," said Mariitt, rising. "It is of the last importance that this escape is prevented; yet I must not be known to move in it; for I can get her away safely, I can manage the rest."

The boy from the shop looked in, to

say that the hackman was waiting for Mr. Clermont's orders.

"I had forgot," he said; "I promised to dine with some friends. I will see you to-morrow, Hugh; but do not come to my hotel, or to the house. I will call here at one o'clock. Have every thing ready; and don't forget to furnish masks."

"Masks! For what?"

"You do not suppose I shall risk being seen in this affair! You may do as you please; but have a mask for me."

"All very well. Good-evening, my dear friend!"

The twilight had come on during the above colloquy, and the lamps were being lighted in the street. A hackney coach with two horses, in better condition than those belonging to ordinary public vehicles, was drawn up at the door.

"I did not order you to wait here," said Mariitt, angrily, to the driver.

The man respectfully touched the hat slouched over his brows, and explained that he had seen him go into the Jew's shop, and as he remained so long, thought he would like to be taken up there, instead of his hotel.

Mariitt entered the carriage, and ordered the man to drive to Berkeley Square. When he alighted, he bade him return for him at twelve, and handed him half a crown over his regular fare.

"Let me do it, and don't worry over her future. Listen, Ally"—it was the old pet name by which he had known her. Coral shall not want; I am going to ask her to marry me."

"Does she know?" he asked, gently.

"Not yet. I am a pitiful coward in not finding courage to tell her."

"Let me do it, and don't worry over her future. Listen, Ally"—it was the old pet name by which he had known her. Coral shall not want; I am going to ask her to marry me."

"Does she know?" he asked, gently.

"Not yet. I am a pitiful coward in not finding courage to tell her."

"Let me do it, and don't worry over her future. Listen, Ally"—it was the old pet name by which he had known her. Coral shall not want; I am going to ask her to marry me."

"Does she know?" he asked, gently.

"Not yet. I am a pitiful coward in not finding courage to tell her."

"Let me do it, and don't worry over her future. Listen, Ally"—it was the old pet name by which he had known her. Coral shall not want; I am going to ask her to marry me."

"Does she know?" he asked, gently.

"Not yet. I am a pitiful coward in not finding courage to tell her."

"Let me do it, and don't worry over her future. Listen, Ally"—it was the old pet name by which he had known her. Coral shall not want; I am going to ask her to marry me."

"Does she know?" he asked, gently.

"Not yet. I am a pitiful coward in not finding courage to tell her."

"Let me do it, and don't worry over her future. Listen, Ally"—it was the old pet name by which he had known her. Coral shall not want; I am going to ask her to marry me."

"Does she know?" he asked, gently.

"Not yet. I am a pitiful coward in not finding courage to tell her."

"Let me do it, and don't worry over her future. Listen, Ally"—it was the old pet name by which he had known her. Coral shall not want; I am going to ask her to marry me."

"Does she know?" he asked, gently.

"Not yet. I am a pitiful coward in not finding courage to tell her."

"Let me do it, and don't worry over her future. Listen, Ally"—it was the old pet name by which he had known her. Coral shall not want; I am going to ask her to marry me."

"Does she know?" he asked, gently.

"Not yet. I am a pitiful coward in not finding courage to tell her."

"Let me do it, and don't worry over her future. Listen, Ally"—it was the old pet name by which he had known her. Coral shall not want; I am going to ask her to marry me."

"Does she know?" he asked, gently.

"Not yet. I am a pitiful coward in not finding courage to tell her."

"Let me do it, and don't worry over her future. Listen, Ally"—it was the old pet name by which he had known her. Coral shall not want; I am going to ask her to marry me."

"Does she know?" he asked, gently.

"Not yet. I am a pitiful coward in not finding courage to tell her."

"Let me do it, and don't worry over her future. Listen, Ally"—it was the old pet name by which he had known her. Coral shall not want; I am going to ask her to marry me."

"Does she know?" he asked, gently.

"Not yet. I am a pitiful coward in not finding courage to tell her."

"Let me do it, and don't worry over her future. Listen, Ally"—it was the old pet name by which he had known her. Coral shall not want; I am going to ask her to marry me."

"Does she know?" he asked, gently.

"Not yet. I am a pitiful coward in not finding courage to tell her."

"Let me do it, and don't worry over her future. Listen, Ally"—it was the old pet name by which he had known her. Coral shall not want; I am going to ask her to marry me."

"Does she know?" he asked, gently.

"Not yet. I am a pitiful coward in not finding courage to tell her."

"Let me do it, and don't worry over her future. Listen, Ally"—it was the old pet name by which he had known her. Coral shall not want; I am going to ask her to marry me."

"Does she know?" he asked, gently.

"Not yet. I am a pitiful coward in not finding courage to tell her."

"Let me do it, and don't worry over her future. Listen, Ally"—it was the old pet name by which he had known her. Coral shall not want; I am going to ask her to marry me."

"Does she know?" he asked, gently.

"Not yet. I am a pitiful coward in not finding courage to tell her."

"Let me do it, and don't worry over her future. Listen, Ally"—it was the old pet name by which he had known her. Coral shall not want; I am going to ask her to marry me."

"Does she know?" he asked, gently.

"Not yet. I am a pitiful coward in not finding courage to tell her."

"Let me do it, and don't worry over her future. Listen, Ally"—it was the old pet name by which he had known her. Coral shall not want; I am going to ask her to marry me."

"Does she know?" he asked, gently.

"Not yet. I am a pitiful coward in not finding courage to tell her."

"Let me do it, and don't worry over her future. Listen, Ally"—it was the old pet name by which he had known her. Coral shall not want; I am going to ask her to marry me."

"Does she know?" he asked, gently.

"Not yet. I am a pitiful coward in not finding courage to tell her."

"Let me do it, and don't worry over her future. Listen, Ally"—it was the old pet name by which he had known her. Coral shall not want; I am going to ask her to marry me."

"Does she know?" he asked, gently.

"Not yet. I am a pitiful coward in not finding courage

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

THE Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1872.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publishing office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:

One copy, four months \$1.00
" " one year 3.00
Two copies, one year 5.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County, & City. The paper is always stopped, prompt, at expiration of subscription.

Subscriptions can start with any required book number. The paper is always in print, and those wishing for special stories can have them.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business should be addressed to BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

TO COMMENCE NEXT WEEK.
BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL'S
NEW
HEART AND HOME ROMANCE,
VIZ.:
WITHOUT MERCY;
OR,
THREADS OF PURE GOLD.

Always enchanting and highly pleasing as Mr. Campbell's stories are, this last production of his hand is, in some respects, his best. It is, like all his other works, of Dickens-like fidelity in its delineation of character, but has in it a powerful dramatic element which makes its interest so persistent and strong as to command every reader's attention.

The drama is of New Orleans and vicinity, in its *locale*, but is not essentially different from what it would have been if located in any other great city, for human nature, good or bad, is not the product of place; and woman's nature certainly is not the expression of her surroundings. The transcendent heroism and purity there is in her nature this charming serial exhibits, with a power and force that are of unmistakable import.

Our Arm-Chair.

A Life Calling.—A young man asks advice as follows:

"My parents and I have had quite an argument as to whether I should learn a trade or not. I desire to become a business man, and think I have the necessary fact for it. My parents, on the other hand, desire that I should learn a trade. Which would you advise me to do? Am sixteen years of age."

The secret of success may be given in the rule—do that for which you are best fitted, or for which you show the most aptitude.

If you have a taste for mechanism and invention—if your organ of "constructiveness" is well developed—be a mechanician, by all means.

The idea that a mechanician is not as "respectable" as a professional or a commercial man, is a *mite* one, that has been strengthened by the mechanics themselves permitting inferior men to give tone to the trades.

If young men of education and good families were to learn the trade for which they were well adapted, the "respectability" of the mechanician would soon assert itself in a way well calculated to prove the dignity of all labor.

The professions are immensely overstocked. There are lawyers enough in New York city alone to supply the entire United States, if they were strictly confined to the object of their creation—the enforcement of justice. There are doctors enough in the country, north of Mason's and Dixon's line, to supply the continent. There are preachers to spare, considering the small demand there is for the multitude of inferior men who "preach." There are, in truth, more men in the commercial marts—more persons "in business," than there is any need for; but there is no surfeit of toll-tillers or mechanicians; everywhere they are in demand, and everywhere they do well if industrious and provident in habits.

We say to young men, consider all these things in your choice of a life-calling. Don't be at all influenced by the foolish, the wicked idea of the superior respectability of the professions, or of commercial callings; but, guided solely by your own tastes and talents, do that for which you feel best adapted, and your success in life is assured.

Protect the Birds!—If the indiscriminate slaughter of birds could be prevented we would soon cease to lament the terrible destruction to plants and fruit caused by worms and bugs.

Birds are kind Nature's special gift to man, to aid him in conquering the enemies of his fields, orchards and gardens; and yet, year by year, we permit loafers to roam over our lands, shot-gun in hand, to slaughter every one of the dear birds that their eyes can discover.

In Illinois, we are told, the partridge has been found especially available as a destroyer of the chinch-bug, which is so injurious to wheat-fields, and the people are beginning to protect them from the fowler. One farmer says he has hundreds of tame partridges about his place, and his wheat crops are unusually abundant, while in places not far away the chinch-bug commits great ravages. He feeds the birds in winter.

If every land-owner would arrest, as a common nuisance, every man or boy found on his premises with a gun, this "Slaughter of the Innocents" would soon be stayed, and the precious birds would soon so flourish that fields, woods, gardens and meadows would be musical with their delightful presence. Let every farmer, every lot-owner, resolve himself into a special committee of one to care for the birds; and, next to the man who always gives in charity to the needy, he will be reckoned as worthy of the benediction: "Well done thou good and faithful servant!"

Oregon.—A lady correspondent from the far-off State of Oregon, writing to express her admiration of this paper—which, we are happy to say, has a considerable circulation there—says, among other things: "One reason your paper is dear to me is, that you are not repeating calumnies against Oregon." We hardly know what calumnies others have uttered. Certain it is the State is a most promising portion of our vast domain, and is destined, in a generation, to become a great and powerful commonwealth. What with its magnificent forests—its grand rivers—its soil of surpassing richness—its superb climate and its mineral wealth, Oregon has within her elements of greatness which render her by far the most important of our Pacific States. And now, a class of people is quietly drifting in there whose intelligence and farsightedness will direct the State aright and make it a land of schools, churches and noble enterprise.

"I'VE HEARD SAY."

THERE comes that mean, miserable and despicable expression again, and when I hear of a person giving utterance to it, I am almost sure that something disagreeable is about to follow, and I let the information go for just what it is worth—noting; for I am no believer in hearsay evidence; hence, if I am obliged to listen to it, I bear the infliction with as good a grace as possible.

I can't see why everybody likes to sum up all the bad qualities of everybody else and forget all the good traits they may possess.

I try to go on the opposite rule, but precious little comfort or satisfaction do I gain. I remark that Mr. Goodly is a very fine man, and his wife ought to be proud of him. "Yes, Eve, my dear, but I've heard say he drinks," is the comment made upon my speech. Supposing he does? So do I—I drink tea and coffee, and water, and I am not averse to lemonade. If Mr. Goodly does drink any thing stronger, I am sorry, but that is not the way to make a temperate man of him. I remember now he does drink, and it was vile, nasty stuff—it was when he was sick, and it was cod-liver oil. Is that prohibited in the temperance code? Mr. G. decidedly wishes it was!

Then there's my dear friend, the widow B., who is dependent on her sewing for a living, but it is just as much as my life is worth to praise her, for again pop in the words: "Yes, she is very deserving and all that, yet I've heard say she's angling for a second husband."

Because the butcher brings her meat, the baker bread, and the postman her letters, she's angling for a husband, is she? If I believed that—and I can't bring my mind to it—I'd advise her to secure the butcher, then she'd have to worry over her meat bill; still, as Mr. Butcher is already married to a strong and long-lived woman—the baker engaged to a fine young Miss, and the postman don't care a straw for our sex, I guess your guess wasn't right that time.

May I venture to suggest that my grocer sells me pure sugar, without getting for an answer: "Yes, he is as honorable as the general run of men in that line, yet I've heard say that he keeps his sand-barrels and sugar-barrels suspiciously near each other?"

Can I remark about my new neighbor having a fine, healthy color on her cheek, and not be obliged to listen to "I've heard say that she buys paint quite often"?

Am I not to be allowed to say a word in praise of the voices of the tenor and soprano in the church choir, without being compelled to hearken to the refrain of, "Humph! But I've heard say they are too proud of their voices ever to be good Christians?"

Patience ceases to be a virtue in such cases, and I am sick and tired of having this "I've heard say" dinged into my ears.

If you don't know for truth what you are uttering, then keep that tongue of yours between your teeth; twill do less mischief there, and the world at large will be happier for your reticence.

I have told Mr. "I've-heard-say"—and told him in a not very polite manner, either—that I don't want him to darken my doors again. I can find better associates than he is, so he needn't think I'll shed any tears on his account. When he leaves, I'll double-lock my door against him, and he may rap for readmission until his knuckles are sore, before I'll let him in. So now!

EVE LAWLESS.

HEADACHES.

AN oft-perverted plea that same headache is, but no other ailment can accommodate itself to such twists and turns when circumstances block one into a corner from whence one is extremely anxious to escape. Think how convenient when you would otherwise be subjected to intolerable boredom without even the escape-value of a yawn behind your hand which politeness forbids, to conjure a headache to your service and thus escape the double penalty of annoyance to yourself and offense to another.

It has the advantage, too, of being a strictly gentry indisposition. It presents no unpleasant picture to a vivid imagination—nothing more defined than a misty idea of a quiet, darkened room, cut-glass vinaigrettes, and odors of eau-de-cologne.

Now, neuralgia and toothache are sure to present thoughts of camphor and ammonia, hot-drops and cayenne. The idea of pleading such a disorder would send a thrill of disgust through a nervously-sensitive system.

To be sure, headaches are not always called up for the occasion, though I am apt to be suspicious when I know that some undesirable *contretemps* is avoided by one. Very often too the common ploy is given to account for a pallid, pain-drawn countenance and heavy-lidded eyes which hardly dare lift themselves lest they betray the true malady, and pronounce it "heartache" instead.

But there are some *bona-fide* cases as I can testify to my own regret—some people with a flaw in their physical structures which dooms them to frequent attacks of raging, tearing agony; pains which beat double trip-hammer measure in each temple, and shoot in burning flashes through and through; when sight and sound and thought are alike insupportable.

It is curious to note the difference in such cases between the enduring powers of man and woman.

Ferdinand Adolphus on the morning following a club-supper, late hours and champagne, finds himself the victim of one of those "deuced headaches, subject to 'em, you see!" and quite unfit one for office duties. So Ferdinand Adolphus lounges in dishabille on the back-parlor sofa, his heels braced precariously against the swinging walnut nut-not, and a best towel with powdered ice bound about his fevered cranium—little Ferd, Adolphus and the baby banished to the third story, and Julian May broiling herself and a pigeon's wing over the kitchen range, roasting her complexion and a slice of light bread, preparing an infusion of strong tea and running every second moment in answer to the impatient calls of his lordship, striving her best to alleviate his suffering and tempt his appetite.

Presto change! Let Julian May awake with one of her nervous disorders, to find baby rubbing every one of her ten digits into her wide-open eyes and screaming to the full volume of her sound baby lungs; Ferd and Adolphus clamoring to be dressed; Ferdinand Adolphus before the toilet-glass twisting off his collar-button, growling that he has overslept himself and has only twenty minutes to breakfast, and "will May

just step down and poach his egg, see that his coffee is poured and beefsteak done?"

May accordingly drags herself down the staircase though she sickens at thought or sight of food. The twenty minutes are up and breakfast over, but her husband finds time to smoke a cigar while he sends her to find his gloves and memorandum-book. He snatches a kiss at last, advises her to lie down and "get rid of that headache," and is off.

Lie down! It is baking-day, and three of Ferdinand's friends are coming to dinner. The little ones are presenting vociferous claims for instant attention. Bridget is of the "raw Irish" and can be trusted with nothing.

But the day must be got through, the work done some way; and so it is, though May is ready to "drop" in reality, Ferd expresses his sympathy in boisterous mirth.

"That headache not gone yet? Thought you'd slept it off through the day. Sorry for you, May, but you women must be used to it—pears to me you're always having headaches!"

And this same lack of sympathy it is that gives us women many a heartache along with the rest. J. D. B.

FRENDLY ENEMIES.

I THINK stupid persons are a mistake of Nature. They are a misfortune to every one themselves; but that curious law of compensation, by which a spiritual lack is to the person most concerned not a loss, because not realized, here prevails, and they seem never aware of their deficiency.

They are a perpetual blister to those with whom they come in contact, a source of irritation from which there is no escape, an enemy with whom there is no compromise and no armistice. There is no such thing as giving them a hint. Eyes they have, but they see not; and as for understanding—if they are blessed with that article, they have an especial talent for ignoring it.

But the good-hearted, well-intentioned stupid person—I verily believe the Inquisition could not have furnished a more exquisite instrument of torture.

They kill you with kindness a dozen times a day; and do it without a pang of conscience, too. They are anxious that you have a rocking-chair whether you prefer it or not. They are afraid the curtains are not arranged to suit you, and persist in rearranging them in the face of your positive declaration that they are quite right, and then ask you, with a solicitude which would be ludicrous if it were not so provoking, if they are "as you want them now?" If it is summer, "Don't you want a glass of lemonade?" No, you don't want any lemonade. "Oh, yes! yes! you do; it is very nice; just try it!" Perhaps you may be foolish enough to think you know whether you want it or not, better than they; but, they, may give allowance for any such weakness on your part, and continue to urge it upon you until you are on the verge of distraction, and don't feel a particle of gratitude for the kindness intended, and if you are hypocritical enough to say, "Thank you, your tone utterly belies your words—only your mentor is too stupid to see it."

If they are intimately acquainted with you, they presume on that fact to make themselves obnoxiously familiar, and discuss your business with a freedom that alike rouses your ire and defies your coldness.

They may be aware from long acquaintance that you are reticent; but, if there is any thing in which stupid persons excel, it is the faculty of ignoring any and every thing which other people use as guide-boards on the way of life, and exercising their talent in this direction they persist in talking to you on strictly personal subjects, and handle your most sacred feelings with as much freedom as they would a chair. You can neither stop them by a distant reserve of manner, nor turn them from the subject. They pry into your individual feelings and experiences, and pick you to pieces till you have nothing to yourself—noting in which they have not a share.

If you have any sort of trouble they sympathize with you to an unlimited extent, and are so afraid their manner will not express it to you understandingly, that they never fail to put it in words. Perhaps, in common with other mortals, you have your moments of despondency, with or without cause; and if so, and your stupid friends are present, the mask you wear must be of triple strength, and woe to you, if for an instant, you inadvertently let it drop! They are on the *qui vive* instantly, and never fail to ask you what the matter is.

It is useless to think to escape, though you don't your mask again never so quickly, and answer never so evasively.

Evasion is not accepted by stupid persons. Something is the matter—they have seen it from your looks (you may mentally wish they would use their eyes as sharply in a better cause), and they cross-question and pester you, until you are strongly tempted to make the condition of your liver an excuse, and be cross, but you don't do it—noting of the kind. You hold still under the blows, as you always do, and get along with it the best way you can. To be sure, you don't give them a particle of satisfaction, but that is small consolation considering that it only protracts the siege, and through it all, however long it may be, you are calm and courteous, though you may regret for a moment that it is impossible for you to shrub them without being wicked.

For it is impossible, and you know it, because they are good-hearted, and well-disposed, and do not mean to be unkind. You must be suave and polite when every nerve is tingling with the sense of injustice, affable and entertaining when you are almost wild from a feeling of antagonism and inharmony. A dozen times a day you must gird anew your armor and strengthen its shattered plates; you must possess your tired soul with greater patience, and no matter how deeply the careless worldly needles may penetrate, nor how sharply the needlessly-given sword-thrusts wound, you must be gentle and courteous, and smile and smile, because they are well-intentioned. They may probe your heart to its core; they may drive you to the verge of madness with daily pin-pricks; they may penetrate with carelessness the most secret chambers of your soul; they may rob you of all individuality, and wound you almost to the death, but you must endure it patiently because they mean well."

I hope no one thinks me harsh or unkind.

It is far from my intention to be either; but I ask if there is any excuse for a stupidity

that leads one person to ruthlessly trample the feelings of another, and if any one has a *right* to be so thoughtless?

If any one is utterly destitute of tact, and acts unkindly through absolute ignorance and obtuseness, he is excusable. It is his misfortune and not his fault. But if he does not use his eyes to a purpose, and make the most of such hints as his dull perceptions give him; if he persistly persists in never seeing, and never thinking, what then? Our brains were given us for a purpose, and no better use of them can be made than in finding where our own side of the hedge is, in our intercourse with mankind, and in keeping on that side.

LETTER ARTICLE IRONS.

Foolscap Papers.

My Book.

It gives me great pleasure to announce to the American public and republic that my long-looked-for and eagerly-expected book has at last come through the press without a wrinkle in it. The title of this celebrated book is "How to put money in your pocket," and it will be read with avidity by all persons who desire to become rich, of which class of people I think there are a few left. I would have published it ten years ago, but I desired it to be the very latest book out, so I deferred it until the present. I might have waited ten years more and had it.

It is printed in very large type, and with but two lines to the page; this is for various evident reasons. First, because it will allow those who run to read, or, perhaps, can read and then run, as the case may be. Then, again, there are blind people who can't read much; therefore, they won't have much to read, which is very convenient.

They are a perpetual blister to those with whom they come in contact, a source of irritation from which there is no escape, an enemy with whom there is no compromise and no armistice. There is no such thing as giving them a hint. Eyes they have, but they see not; and as for understanding—if they are blessed with that article, they have an especial talent for ignoring it.

They kill you with kindness a dozen times a day; and do it without a pang of conscience, too. They are anxious that you have a rocking-chair whether you prefer it or not.

They may be aware from long acquaintance that you are reticent; but, if there is any thing in which stupid persons excel, it is the faculty of ignoring any and every thing which other people use as guide-boards on the way of life, and exercising their talent in this direction they persist in talking to you on strictly personal subjects, and handle your most sacred feelings with as much freedom as they would a chair. You can neither stop them by a distant reserve of manner, nor turn them from the subject. They pry into your individual feelings and experiences, and pick you to pieces till you have nothing to yourself—noting in which they have not a share.

It is useless to think to escape, though you don't your mask again never so quickly, and answer never so evasively.

The country must be thoroughly canvassed, and rest assured that they will sell, for it is the unanimous voice of the press that they are the biggest sell of the season.

Agents must bear in mind that the author will in no case be responsible for their funeral expenses. Go into every house, and if they fail to buy call again. Do not forget to tell them that the book will keep witches away and the children quiet; that it is good for you to sleep well, and for the children to sleep well.

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

5

THE WITHERED LEAF.

BY LOUIS CARROLL PRINBLE.

Oh, darling, with what loving thought,
I gaze upon this fragrant leaf;
The light of day is fading fast,
My heart seems breaking sad and grief.

I look back now to when we stood,
That night together on the step—
Both hearts in sorrow's saddest mood,
Our eyes dimmed by sad tears unwept.

Then as we spoke the last "good-by,"
You gave me this little flower.
You kissed it first with tender sigh,
Thus frightening it with priceless bower.

Then speaking low in sad'ning tone,
You said, "When I am far from thee,
And you are left to mourn alone,
Then kiss this leaf and call it me."

"The withered now—its life has fled;
You treasured the last gift from thee;
The kiss nangrel else, my friend,
You bring your sweet lips back to me!"

Cecil's Deceit:

or,

THE DIAMOND LEGACY.

BY MRS. JENNIE D. BURTON,

AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ELLSFORD GRANGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT WILL NOT A WOMAN IN LOVE DO.

The suppressed bustle of clearing the rooms of their withered decorations, the entire task of restoring order from the chaos which reigns after the withdrawal of a company of people, was carried on swiftly and silently as might be behind closed doors and intervening distances. Care was taken that no distressing sounds should reach the chamber where the master of Frampton Place lay so suddenly prostrated.

Doctor Strong had remained throughout the night. At daybreak he went away, leaving minute directions for the patient's treatment, and at noon called in on his return from other professional calls.

He spoke cheerfully of the case, but implied the necessity of having his instructions implicitly followed.

"Mr. Frampton's vigorous constitution will withstand a much harder siege than this promises to be," he said; "I do not apprehend a violent attack if it comes to the worst, and I think the prompt measures already taken have served to avert other than a light form of the disease. With ordinary care and watchfulness he will be up again within a week."

Cecil had thrown aside her rich garments, enveloping her form in a quilted *negligeé* of dove-colored cashmere, and all the forenoon retained her place by her husband's side. Now, she listened intently to the doctor's directions, and afterward with apparent reluctance relinquished her station to Olive, who affectionately insisted that she must take needed repose.

She had not been near Eve all the morning. Now she felt that it would only be additional suspense to longer defer the time which should assure her of the other's fate.

She paused on the deserted landing to gain command over her panting breath, and fiercely-beating heart. She had not once wished actual harm to befall Eve, and she shrank even now from the possibility of finding her beyond power of asserting her claim again to her own (Cecil's) discomfiture. Her hand shook as she fitted the key into the lock, but her nerves were under complete subservience when she went in at last.

She crossed the floor and knelt by the side of the couch. A glance dispelled the horror which the utter stillness of the room had called up. The crisis had passed, leaving Eve weak and helpless as a little child, but with a new lease upon the life which had been so nearly wrested from her.

She opened her eyes wonderingly as Cecil stooped over her, and murmured her name faintly.

"Cecil!"

"Be very quiet," Cecil said, knowing intuitively that the time recently passed was as a blank or an obscure vision to the other. "You have been ill and are still very weak."

"I have been dreaming, I think, horrible things! Where is papa?"

For the time all remembrance of her past sufferings was blotted out, and Cecil would not recall those grievous reminiscences.

"You must see no one until you have gained strength," she answered, evasively. "Sleep if you can; it will do you more good than any medicine, now."

Eve smiled silently. She was too confused yet to note her strange surroundings and wonder at them. She closed her eyes, and soon slept softly as the infant which has known no care in life."

"I must not let her suspicions be aroused,"

reflected Cecil, as she gazed on the thin face where just the faintest tinge of warmth broke the transparent whiteness of the skin. "It is time now for the potion to do its work."

She sought her chamber afterward, and tried to gain a few moments' repose. But the vial containing the potion which she had concealed in her bosom, seemed like a thorn planted there, painfully ranking.

She took it out and held it up to the light. The clear compound, so seemingly innocent, had a fascination for her which she could not resist. Over and over again she conned the substance of the words the old Jew had spoken.

"A single drop once a day will keep the patient in a quiescent, tractable state; double that quantity will produce stupor and confusion of the mental faculties. An overdose produces coma, which ends in death without leaving any apparent trace."

Then words which Victor had spoken to her once since their evil compact had been made, rose up and ranged themselves along with these.

"Were it not for your husband, it might be different. Were you free now I might renounce every other consideration for you alone."

It seemed so easy to free herself from the whole complicated toil by a single bold stroke. With the fear of Hugh Frampton's vengeance forever removed, his wealth in her hands, she need fear no rival, and the considerations which swayed Victor now would be easily swept away.

It was useless to woo sleep with such thoughts in her mind. She arose and confronted her image in the mirror above the dressing-table. Her face was aglow with bright color, her eyes sparkling, her lips smirched with excitement. No one could

have deemed that murderous thoughts were astir beneath that beautiful mask. She scarcely realized it herself. She was dwelling on the future which lay beyond, the space between to be bridged by the commission of that dark crime.

She went back to her husband's side with the vial still concealed in her bosom.

Doctor Strong called again during the evening. He expressed himself well satisfied with the condition of his patient, and ordered some slight changes in his treatment.

"I will drop in some time to-morrow," he said, as he departed; "perhaps not until late in the day. If any decided change takes place except for the better, let me know at once."

No serious consequences were apprehended by the household. All had perfect faith in the skill of Doctor Strong and in the truth of his assurance.

Cecil pleaded to keep the night vigil alone, but when overruled in that, agreed to give up the watch during the later hours to Dick Holstead. Olive, who had been in constant attendance during the day, retired early to her chamber.

The hours passed, and at midnight Richard took up his position at the bedside. Mr. Frampton slept heavily until day, and then only stirred uneasily without awaking. D'Arno wiped his damp brow, and, pouring wine from a flagon at hand, took a deep draught.

"It was a terrible strain," he muttered to himself, "but I have him now pliant to my will as wax in the moulder's hands."

"If it is as I suspect, that she is drugging him, all the better; but he must not have an overdose until I have accomplished my end."

"That will do. Repeat after me: 'I have no power to resist your will.'"

"Clearly and distinctly fell the repetition."

"I have no power to resist your will!"

"It is my will that you, Victor D'Arno, wed with my niece, Olive Tremaine!"

Mechanically the words passed Mr. Frampton's lips.

Victor clasped his hands over his eyes, and then passed them over Mr. Frampton's brow. The latter relapsed almost immediately into his former unconscious state.

D'Arno wiped his damp brow, and, pouring wine from a flagon at hand, took a deep draught.

"It was a terrible strain," he muttered to himself, "but I have him now pliant to my will as wax in the moulder's hands."

"If it is as I suspect, that she is drugging him, all the better; but he must not have an overdose until I have accomplished my end."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DOCTOR ON A TRAIL.

THREE days passed. Mr. Frampton rallied slightly, but for the most part was unconscious of all that took place about him.

Doctor Strong came and went with calm, impassive features, that told no tale to anxious observers.

The fourth morning a drizzling rain set in, rendering the atmosphere chilly and uncomfortable for the season, throwing an additional gloom over the inmates of Frampton House.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders dimly as he paused in the doorway to button the collar of his waterproof coat close about his throat. His calling left him no choice between blue sky and leaden, down-pouring clouds, so he plunged unhesitatingly into the uniniting out-door space.

His horse, shaggy of coat, uncouth but strong of limb, and like his master injured to all phases of weather, jogged unconcernedly over the road toward the village. Midway he drew rein as Mr. Darnley approached from the opposite direction.

"Just from Frampton Place," he replied to the latter's inquiry. "Are you going there? If so, you may as well turn back again; I've left standing orders that none but the family be admitted to him."

"How is he?" Mr. Darnley asked, turning his horse's head round about.

"So-so!" returned the doctor, after the non-committal manner of his class. "Little change—fluctuating—noting decisive!"

"He has been a change, and not for the better," he said. "I should have been called before this."

"He has slept almost constantly," Cecil hastened to say. "We thought he was doing well."

"This is no natural sleep. It is a stupor more pernicious in its effects than even delirium would be. I am free to confess it is a symptom I can not reconcile with his former condition."

Then, as if fearing he had said too much, he added:

"Mind, I don't apprehend any danger. It is simply unfortunate, and threatens to retard the speedy recovery which I pre- dicted."

Cecil followed him into the hall as he was going away.

"Don't deceive me, doctor," she begged, clasping her white hands and lifting her fair face full of anxious pleading. "It is mistaken kindness to attempt to blind me! Will he live?"

"Fie, fie!" ejaculated the doctor, in the abrupt manner peculiar to himself. "Did n't I tell you he's in no absolute danger? Only see that my directions are strictly followed, and I pledge myself to bring him up sound as new."

"But, doctor—pardon the doubt—I thought you did not exactly understand his case."

"Well, you are partly right," he answered bluntly. "I have never had a parallel case, but I don't despair, for all that. I don't mind telling you plainly, madam, that every thing depends upon his rousing from this unaccountable stupor; yet I don't think it advisable to employ severe agencies. The fever is checked in the start; consequently there's no fictitious strength to combat it; but a man of Mr. Frampton's tenacity should be able to throw off such torpor. That's a plain statement of the case, and nothing alarming in it, I assure you."

Cecil stood looking after him as he strode out. An inscrutable smile crept across her face as her fingers clutched the concealed vial.

Victor D'Arno, himself unseen, had witnessed this interview from behind the sweeping curtains of an arid window near by. He followed Cecil's retreating figure, muttering to himself.

"Who would do it?" he asked.

"No one, of course. I should not have mentioned it even as a supposition. It would be hard for any person to work him such ill, even if an object was to be gained by it, his wife is so devoted to him. She scarcely leaves his side, and herself sees that my instructions are carried out."

"How wife?" repeated Mr. Darnley, slowly. "Young wives sometimes have an interest in ridding themselves of elderly husbands."

The same thought had occurred to Doctor Strong, and while the doubt had been too shadowy to act upon, his allusion to Mrs. Frampton had been made less in good faith than as a bait to draw out the other's opinion. He kept his eyes averted, lest his intention should there betray itself, and waited.

"She loved me, but in her anger once she would have struck me a murderous blow. He is an obstacle in her way now; will she be more lenient with him? I must watch, and perhaps turn the circumstance in my favor."

That evening, as before, Cecil retained her place in the sick-room. The others came and went silently, sharing her vigil. When she was alone for a moment, she drew out the hidden vial, dropping from its contents into a goblet upon the table where the medicines were ranged.

Victor, entering at the moment, noticed the quiet action of her hand dropping to her side.

"You must not fatigue yourself, Cecil,"

said he, in the tender, commanding tone which he knew she would not resist. "Go now, and get what rest you can. I am to watch through the night, and will call if there is any change. What if this should result in perfect freedom to you, my own?"

Her quick glance flashing up to him was sufficient answer.

"She was really weary."

"I think I can sleep now. It is time to go to bed; afterward I will follow your advice."

She turned toward the range of vials, but his quick motion anticipated her.

"This yellow liquid?" he asked, interposing his form between her and the little table. "Five drops, I think, was the order, and the powder in an hour."

The brief moment he diverted her attention, he had managed to deftly rinse the goblet, emptying its contents into his handkerchief. Now he dropped the liquid into it and placed it to the lips of the invalid. Cecil watched the unconscious man swallow every drop, and went away satisfied.

Cecil had grown nervous, and incessant watching was leaving her wan, but no less resolute in attendance.

Her husband's state was a puzzle to her, as it had been to the physician. Every day she had dropped the potion into the draught prepared for him, gradually increasing the quantity used; but his fixed gaze never wavered.

Victor drew close to the bedside, his eyes intently upon the sick man's face.

Moments flew by. Victor's face grew rigid and white as one pressed against the pillows, and great, cold drops started out upon his brow, but his fixed gaze never wavered.

Mr. Frampton moved his head slightly and sighed. Victor drew a deep inspiration as of relief, and a moment after the other's eyes opened.

Victor's lips moved, but he essayed twice before any sound escaped them.

"Follow my commands," he said, slowly and clearly. "Lift your hand."

The hand which had lain powerless upon the counterpane was immediately raised.

Victor could not account for the slow action of the mixture upon his husband. The truth was that Victor had exercised an espionage over her, and through his watchfulness but little of the drug had been actually administered. For his own reasons he left

her in ignorance of the action he was taking.

The afternoon was wearing away, when Victor, who was left for a brief space above with the invalid, hastily summoned the others.

"There has been a change," he said. "Whether for better or worse I can not tell."

They hastened silently into the room, Cecil, Olive and Richard. The servants gathered in the corridor, an awe-stricken group, whispering to each other that the end was near.

Mr. Frampton was bolstered in a half-sitting posture. His eyes, wide open, seemed fixed and vacant, yet he apparently recognized those about him, and addressed them coherently for the first time in days.

"Cecil, Olive, are you both here?" he asked, feebly.

They pressed close to the bedside.

"My dearest ones! it is hard to know that I must leave you."

Cecil was white and speechless. Olive, affected beyond control, knelt by him, clasping his hand, which she shuddered to find clammy and cold.

"Uncle! dear uncle!" she cried, striving in vain to repress her tears. "Oh, it can not be so! You will not be taken from us for many years."

"Don't cry, pet! I feel the truth of what I say. My life is almost drifted out, and it is better so than that I should live and suffer."

He paused, breathing heavily. His utterance was slow, yet distinct, but no shade of expression moved his features. He was pale as death, and his set gaze on the vacancy before him never wavered.

"Olive!"

"What is it, dear uncle?"

"You have been a good, obedient child. You will not refuse me my dying wish?"

She sobbed aloud, but struggling with her grief, answered him:

"Ask me any thing you will! Let

the motionless form. He laid his hand upon the cold forehead, and then, turning down the covering, upon the heart which no longer beat.

Tears, of which he was not ashamed, stood in his eyes, and his voice was broken as he said:

"All is over; he is dead!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 107.)

Tracked to Death: THE LAST SHOT.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,
AUTHOR OF "HELPLESS HAND," "LONE RANCH,"
"SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHEEF," ETC.

CHAPTER LVIII.

LOCKED UP.

ALMOST at the very instant when the negro had brought in the report that Fernand could not be found, the half-blood was conducting the savages through the gap in the garden wall.

And soon afterward, when the girls had been kidnapped and carried off, he was still nearer to the dining-room. He was advancing toward it, stealthily; not as an obsequious servant, but the guide of a band of house-breakers, prepared for murder as for plunder.

Had those lately inquiring for him but known of the guise in which he was making approach, they would have rushed forth to meet him—perhaps at the same time to meet their own doom.

Fortunately for them they did not know it, and remained inside the room. They only stayed to question the negro, intending afterward to take action outside.

"What do you mean, boy?" thundered Dupre, in a voice that well nigh frightened the darkey out of his wits. "Is Fernand not within the house?"

"Dat's jess what he a'n't, Mass' Looey! De'panish Indya a'n't a wha' inside de buildin'. We hab s'arch all oha de place. De people call out his name, Fernan', in de store-rooms, an' in de coyard, an' in de castle 'closure—eberry wha' dey c'ud t'ink of. Dey shout loud 'nuf for him to heyer he war anywha' bout. He gib no answer. Sartin shoo he mo inside dis 'stablishment."

The young Creole appeared dismayed. So also the others, in greater or less degree, according to the light in which each viewed the matter.

While perplexed by their mystery, on the minds of all was an impression that there was danger at the bottom of Fernand's doings—serious danger not only to themselves, but to the whole settlement.

How near it was they knew not; though it was at that moment nearer than any of them dreamt.

At any other time the absence of Fernand from the house would have been a circumstance not worth noting. It might have been supposed that he was abroad visiting in some of the huts appropriated to the humbler families of the colonist fraternity. Or the attraction might be a mulatto "wench," of whom there were several, belonging to Dupre's extensive slave-gang, some of them far from ill-favored.

The half-blood himself was rather a handsome fellow, as also given to gayety. This would have accounted for his temporary absence from the house and his duties as its head-servant. Now, it not unnaturally caused alarm, connecting it with the suspicious already entertained about him. What the young surgeon had seen, and, above all, the report just brought in by the hunter, Hawkins, impressed every one within the room, forcing them to the conclusion that Fernand was a traitor.

The question was asked: how, coming direct from the States, he could have an understanding with the savages of Western Texas?

In answer to this question Colonel Armstrong and Dupre now recalled to memory what had been made known to them by the man himself—that he had visited Texas before, and had been all over it. While seeking an engagement he had professed this much of Texan travel, with a view of supporting his claim to capacity for service.

Therefore, his being in correspondence with Comanches, or any other Texan Indians, need be no mystery, should it turn out that he was so.

It might be, but the renewal of a former acquaintance. Though in blood he was but half-Indian, in physical appearance and other characteristics he was nearer three-quarters aboriginal. Stripped of civilized garb, and clad in the true red-skin costume, he would have looked the savage to perfection; as much so as any one of the painted cohort he was at that moment guiding through the Mission garden, to bring ruin, it might be death, to the men making ruin with his name.

Unconscious of the proximity of their danger, they remained, discoursing of him and it. His unaccountable absence from the premises had roused them to a pitch of excitement that called for immediate action.

Still had they enough coolness left to perceive the necessity of deliberation before taking any steps. They saw the mistake they had committed, in relaxing their watchfulness. Their reliance upon the Texan treaty—with the fact of no Indians having been seen or heard of on the way—had lulled them into a security which, if false, might cost them their lives.

All within the room remembered that at that hour no sentinels were set, not even the ordinary horse-guard. If the Indians intended attack, it might be made at any moment.

Still, it was not likely that the small band seen by Hawkins and Tucke would be bold enough to make an assault on the setlement.

The hunters had counted in all twenty-one men. There were nearly three times this number of the colonists capable of bearing arms. Even the boys, like all backwoods-youth, could use the rifle—or knife, if it came to close quarters. After all, there need be no uneasiness; they could not have much to fear.

Reflecting in this fashion contributed to allay their apprehensions, though it did not altogether remove them. Enough remained to prevent them from resuming their seats around the dinner-table. They did not think of such a thing. On the contrary, they resolved on at once taking precautionary measures. They would collect a patrol, and throw out sentries around both the Mission building and the outlying collection of humbler dwellings, in which most of the colonists were lodged.

They only returned to the table to take another drink, and then "To arms!"

They had faced toward it—some to quaff off their already half-emptied glasses, others to refill them—when the door of the dining-room was again thrown open; this time with a hurried violence that caused all of them to start as if a bombshell had rolled into the room! On facing round, they saw the negro boy again entering, the same who had reported the absence of Fernand. Fear was depicted in his face, and wild terror gleamed from his eyes; the latter so awry in their sockets that little else than their whites could be seen.

Their own alarm was not much less than his on hearing what he had to say. His words were:

"Oh, Mass' Armstrong! Oh, Mass' Looey! De place am full ob Indya sabbages! Dey've come up de garden, troo back passage. Dar outside, in de coyard, more n'a t'ousan' ob um!"

At the dread tidings glasses dropped from the hands that held them; most of them flung down in fury. As one man, all rushed toward the door.

It was standing ajar, as the darkey in his scene had left it. It was not their intention to shut it, but to rush outside for the protection of those dear to them.

Before they could reach the door they had confirmation of the negro's words—too full. They saw faces hideous with a besmirching of red paint, heads horrid with coal-black shaggy hair, and plumes bristling above them.

But a glimpse had they of these, dimly visible in the obscurity outside. Though short it was terrible; like a transitory tableau in some fearful drama, or a glance into the self.

The sight brought them to a stand; though only for an instant. Then they dashed on toward the doorway, regardless of what awaited them beyond.

They were not permitted to get outside. Before they had reached it the door was swung to, striking the lintels with a loud clash.

This sound was quickly followed by another, that of a key turning in its lock and shooting a heavy bolt into its keeper. They were shut in!

CHAPTER LXIX.

INSIDE.

No pen could depict what took place in the refectory of the ancient Mission when its door was locked on Colonel Armstrong and his guests, and they saw themselves shut in. Not only shut in, but helplessly, hopelessly imprisoned.

A glance around the room convinced them of this. There was but one way of egress—the doorway leading into the corridor that skirted the patio, or central court of the quadrangle. This door resembled that of a jail, massive, made of thick oaken planks, further strengthened by transverse cleats and clasps of iron. An enormous old-fashioned lock with a strong bolt, gave it security when shut—as it now was. Of windows there were two, facing toward the outside of the building; but both small, as if only intended to give light to a cloister. They were far above the level of the floor; and further protected, against either egress or ingress, by vertical iron bars, so thick as to deflect the file of either jail-breaker or burglar. The padres, while dining, did not much affect the light of the sun. More pleasing to them to see their refectory table garnished with grand wax candles, abstracted from the ceremonials of the church; more agreeable to think that, while quaffing and laughing, no eye of novice could see, nor ear hear them.

On the door being closed, Colonel Armstrong and his fellow-colonists did not at first fully realize the desperateness of their situation. It was only after scanning the room around, and perceiving the impossibility of getting out, that this became clear.

Then the scene of confusion, already wild, was followed by a pause, in which intense emotion and heartfelt passion had fullest play. As if from one throat pealed a simultaneous shout. It was a cry of rage, intoned with an accent of distress, as they thought of the dear ones outside; there at no great distance, but separated from them, and as truly beyond reach of their protection as if twenty miles lay between!

Colonel Armstrong thought of his daughters, Dupre of his fiancee, the young surgeon of her sister, the others of wives and children. All more or less had their share in the anguish of the hour.

For some moments they stood as if paralyzed, gazing in one another's faces in dumb despair. Then anger again roused them to energy, though they knew not how to direct it.

The hunter Hawkins, a man of Herculean strength, flung himself against the door and butted it with his shoulder-blades, in hope of heaving it from its hinges. Vain hope! It resisted all his efforts, several times repeated.

Others joined with him; and several, uniting their strength, attempted to burst the door open.

Their efforts were idle. It hinged to the inner side, and could not be forced—unless along with its posts and lints. These were as firm as the stone wall in which they were set, and defied all efforts to dislodge them. The massive wood-work, strengthened with iron cleats, would have stood firm against the shock of a battering-ram. Easier for them to have crevassed the wall, and through it obtained egress.

Finishing the door could not be forced, they gave it up in despair.

The windows were next attempted; both simultaneously, but with like result. In plamming their Mission building the monks had taken care that it should be made safe against assault from the outside. The window-bars were as thick as a jail grating; and, though time and rust had somewhat weakened them, they were yet strong enough to sustain the shock of a man's shoulder, or any pull from the stoutest pair of arms.

For some minutes the imprisoned men kept shaking and tugging at them; some irresolutely rushing across the room from door to window, and back again; others confusedly groping around the walls in search of any implement that might help in gaining them an exit. None such could be found. There was nothing in the refectory except a large dining-table and a set of light cane chairs, all useless for the purpose required.

They searched, groping in darkness, for, on finding themselves shut in, they had blown out the candles. They had done it as a precautionary measure; expecting every moment to be shot at from the outside.

They had no firearms themselves; neither guns, pistols, nor arms of any kind. Even

the dinner knives had been removed, along with the table-cloth; and the only weapons they might make available were bottles and decanters!

More than all did they regret being without guns or pistols. Not that with either they could have done ought to injure the enemy that had so cunningly placed them *hors de combat*. But shots fired—even a single one—might have been heard at the *rancheria*, given warning of the attack, and brought their fellow-colonists to the rescue.

After failing in their attempts to force a way out, they remained for a time silent, listening acutely. No report of guns, or other firearms, reached them. Instead they heard shouts, which they could distinguish as the cries of the household servants—all negroes, mulattoes, or quadroons. No voice of white man could be recognized mingling in the melee.

And there was no savage yell; such as is usually raised by Indians, and kept up by them, while engaged in action either warlike or predatory. Alone could be heard the voices of the domestics; these in a confused *fracas* that spoke of fear. At intervals came a cry that had the accent of agony. Then groaning and moaning, heard only for a short while, and as if suddenly and forcibly silenced. After that all sounds ceased; and outside was silence, too like that of death!

CHAPTER LX.

OUTSIDE.

WHILE the men shut up in the Mission dining-room were madly struggling to get out of it, other men were enacting a tragedy in its courtyard, terrible as any ever represented on the stage of a theater.

They were the Indians, whom Dupre's traitorous servant had guided upon the place.

After entering the garden and making seizure of the two girls, they had continued on for the house—the half-blood still at their head.

Thus conducted, by one who well knew the way, they were enabled to pass through the inclosure at the back, and reach the *patio* without being observed. They had entered the inner court before any of the servants saw them. When seen, the alarm was instantly raised, but too late. The negro lad, still searching for Fernand, was the first to perceive their approach. With a cry of terror he had rushed back to the room, the savages close following at his heels. It was then they appeared outside the door, soon after shut by themselves.

That their design was at first only robbery, and not red murder, might appear from their way of setting about their work. Inspired by hatred to the pale-faces—or any purpose of retaliatory vengeance—their behavior would have been different. Instead of locking the door, and leaving Colonel Armstrong and his friends unmolested, they would have shot down, tomahawked, and scalped every one of them. For they could easily have done this, on the spot, and at the instant. Even after closing the door they could have done it. They carried arms of almost every kind used for offense—guns, pistols, spears, tomahawks, and knives. By firing through the windows, they would have had no difficulty in killing every man inside the room, some within reach of spear-thrust.

That they refrained from taking this advantage may appear strange; as it did to the men who might have been made victims, then, every one of them expecting it.

For thus abstaining from slaughter they had a motive. It had nothing to do with humanity. They did not shoot down the white men, simply because the shots would make too much noise. The reports of their guns might be heard by other white men, who would soon be upon them—soon enough to frustrate their design.

Clearly from the way they were acting their aim was plunder, not murder; and they did not particularly wish to kill the white men, if it could be conveniently avoided.

They were no common burglars, however. Their appearance showed them prepared for any thing; and their deeds soon proved it. Almost on the instant of entering the courtyard, they had commenced shedding blood.

It was the blood of the poor slaves, who, at first sight of the savages, rushed distractedly around, giving utterance to the wildest shrieks. It was necessary they should be silenced. In an instant, and almost simultaneously, their cries were stifled by the stroke of a tomahawk, the thrust of a spear, or the stab of a knife.

The scene resembled a saturnalia of demons—demons doing murder!

Though they made not the slightest resistance, the poor creatures were ruthlessly struck down, and soon their bodies lay lifeless along the pavement.

The killing them was a mere measure of precaution, to hinder their cries from being heard by the colonists outside. The few escaped by rushing into rooms and barricading the doors. A few others also sought concealment in obscure corners, which the savages had not time to explore. None were permitted to pass outside.

While the work of slaughter was going on, a select party was otherwise occupied. It was composed of five or six savages, their gigantic chief conspicuous in the midst; the half-blood also among them.

It was they who had closed the dining-room door. Having placed sentries at it, they rushed across the court toward another door; that of a room that also opened into the corridor in one of its corners. It was the chamber which the young planter Du Pre had chosen as his sleeping-room; where he also kept the account-books belonging to his grand slave establishment, along with his treasure. There were deposited the kegs containing his cash—fifty thousand dollars in silver.

At the head of the party approaching it was Fernand. Something in his hand could be seen glancing under the light of the moon. It was a key. Soon after it was inserted into its lock. The door flew open, and the half-blood entered, closely followed by the others. All went in with an eagerness telling that they knew of the treasure inside.

After a short while they came out again, each bearing in his arms a little barrel of weight almost sufficient to test his strength.

Laying these down, they entered the room, and soon returned similarly loaded. And again they went inside and brought forth other barrels, until nearly twenty were exposed upon the pavement.

By this the slaughter of the servants had ceased, and the savages who had been so engaged were left free to join the party occupied with the removal of the specie. At

the same time, the sentries left to guard the two doors were called away, and the whole band became clustered around the barrels like vultures around a carcass.

Some words were spoken in undertone. Then each, laying hold of a keg—there was one for all—lifted it from the ground and carried it off out of the courtyard.

Silently, and in single file, they passed across the outside inclosure, on into the garden, and out through the gap by which they had gone in.

Near by stood their horses, tied to trees, and well concealed within shadow. They were still under saddle, with the bridles on.

It took but little time to "unhitch" them from the twigs to which they were attached. Each man did this for his own. Then each mounted, after balancing the ponderous little barrel upon the saddle-croup, and there making it fast with his lasso.

When all were on horseback they moved silently but rapidly away; the half-blood going with them.

He, too, had now a horse, the best in the troop; stolen from the stable of his betrayed master.

CHAPTER LXI.

SHOUTS FOR SUCCOR.

MEANWHILE, the struggle going on inside the room was like that of tigers newly engaged. If not so tragical as the scene outside, it was equally earnest and agonizing.

It continued through all the time the red robbers were engaged in seizing upon the silver, and for some minutes after. Then the wilder excitement began to subside; the throes of angry passion giving place to feelings that bordered on despair. For their apprehensions remained with all their keen agony.

If the reaction produced despairing thoughts, it also brought calmer reflections. First among these was the wonder why the savages had made no attempt to destroy them, and were contented with simply shutting them up?

They wondered, also, at not having heard shots, and only shouts which they could tell came from the colored servants. The voice of the Ethiopian—negro or mulatto—is easily distinguished from that of his white masters. Not a cry of Indian intonation had reached their ears; no yell; nothing that resembled a war-whoop of Comanches!

What could this mean

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

87

them some forms whose drapery told them to be women. They were of black, brown, or yellow complexion. And on all, either around the throat, on the skull, or upon the breast, there was a hue horribly contrasting—a tint of crimson that resembled blood.

It was blood, fast congealing under the cold moonlight. It was already darkened, almost to the color of ink.

The hunter turned faint, almost sick, as he stood contemplating the hecatomb of corpses. It was a spectacle far more fearful than any ever witnessed upon a battle-field. There men lie in death, from wounds given and received under the grand, though elusive, idea of glory. These Cris Tucker saw must have come from the red hand of the assassin!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 97.)

The Red Mazeppa:

OR,
THE MADMAN OF THE PLAINS.

A STRANGE STORY OF THE TEXAN FRONTIER!

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KID," "WOLF DEMON," "ACE
OF SPADES," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A PAIR OF KNAVES.

A HORSEMAN riding rapidly toward the hacienda of Bandera by the red light of the dying sun; the time, the afternoon of the following day to the one in which the interview between the wily adventurer and stolid half-breed had taken place.

The horseman was Lope, the Panther.

The expression upon the face of the adventurer was not a pleasant one; his lips were shut firmly together, and a stern and troubled glare shot from his dark eyes.

The foam gathered about his animal's muzzle, and the heaving flanks told that the rider had spared neither whip nor spur.

"Push on, you brute!" muttered the adventurer, urging on the horse with hand and heel; "night will catch us before we reach the hacienda of our dear friend, Senor Ponce de Bandera, and the Mexican laughed bitterly.

"By the Virgin! I believe that this dog of a don will get the best of the struggle, after all. Santa Maria! I'll make a gallant fight for it, though. Has age softened my brain, or have my wits gone wool-gathering since I have ridden northward to the frontier? I am not used to being beaten and baffled at every turn. One point of the game alone have I gained—the papers: they are mine, but of little use unless I find the heir. This brainless idiot of a herdsman to refuse the golden fortune which my hand offered him; bah! some men are born without brains."

Onward galloped the Mexican; swiftly, bitterly though swept across his brain.

The sun sunk lower and lower; the far western horizon line hid half its beans, and the new moon, the vestal orb, rose slowly in the heavens.

"You dull-paced brute, brother to a snail, will you never get me there?" and the adventurer gored the sides of the poor beast with his cruel spurs.

The horse was exerting himself to his utmost already, and neither the fierce words of his rider nor the forcible application of the spur-points caused him to increase his pace a single jot.

Soon, above the line of the flat prairie, rose the dark walls of Bandera, frowning on the gentle river and the still prairie beyond.

"Thanks for your warning," Lope said, graciously. "I shall be prepared."

"Yes, senor."

And conducted by the herdsman, the adventurer entered the house.

paused suddenly, turned, and addressed the adventurer who was close at his heels.

"The senior will pardon the question," he said, abruptly; "but, will the senior remain at the hacienda to-night?"

Lope looked astonished at the question.

"No; I do not think that I shall remain," he replied, after a moment's pause.

"The senior will depart, then?"

"Yes."

"What will be after nightfall?"

"Yes." Lope was puzzled to understand the drift of the questions.

"This is bad."

"Bad?" exclaimed the adventurer, in astonishment.

"Yes, because it is dangerous."

"I do not understand you," Lope said, and the thought flashed across his mind that he really stood in more danger when within Bandera's hacienda than in any other spot in the known world.

"Do you see that there?" and the herdsman pointed to the sky as he asked the question.

The adventurer looked up at the sky, but saw nothing worthy of remark.

"Well?" he said, perplexed.

"Don't you see it?" asked the herdsman, in astonishment.

"No; I don't see any thing but the sky."

"Not the moon?"

"Yes, of course I see the moon," Lope replied, considerably astonished; "but what of it?"

"The senior must be a stranger to this part of the country?" the herdsman said.

"I am, but I freely confess that I do not see that yonder moon which shines here is any different from the moon I have seen elsewhere," Lope replied, beginning to believe that he was dealing with a number of idiots, for he had noticed the herdsman had been exchanging glances of wonder.

"Then you don't know any thing about this moon?" the herdsman said.

"How the devil should I know any thing about the moon?" Lope cried, impatiently.

"I am not a star-gazer, and this moon looks to me exactly like every other moon of the same shape and size that I have seen elsewhere."

"Shall I tell you what you have been doing this morning?" questioned Bandera, suddenly.

"Just as you like," answered the adventurer, carelessly.

"You rode this morning to the Mission-priest, Father Phillip; you questioned him regarding a certain child that you gave unto his care years ago."

"Did I?" and the adventurer smiled, with an air of perfect composure.

"Yes, and you found that the child had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. Am I still correct?"

"Oh; gospel truth!" exclaimed Lope.

"In this struggle of wits between us, one point alone have you gained; the leaden casket with the precious papers which prove the right of the heirs of Bandera to their vast estate, is in your hands; but, even you, yourself, must admit that, unless you can find the heirs, the papers are of little value."

"Well, now, I am sorry that you think so; for I was just going to offer to sell them to you," Lope said, carelessly.

"I do not think that I care to buy them," Bandera observed, coldly.

"Because it is the dangerous moon."

"Dangerous?" cried the adventurer, in wonder.

"Yes, for when this moon rises the Indians mount their mustangs and ride upon the war-path against the frontier settlements."

"Oh, I understand now!" Lope exclaimed.

"If I leave the hacienda after dark, I am liable to fall in with some of these red warriors, for this is the frontier."

"Yes, that is it," the herdsman assented.

"Will you have the kindness to explain the difference, and also why it is termed the Mexican Moon?" Lope asked, his curiosity excited.

"Shining over Mexico it naturally becomes the Mexican Moon," the adventurer replied, tranquilly.

"Why, it's the same moon, of course," the herdsman said, slowly.

"Then, why call my attention to it?"

"Because it is the Mexican Moon," said the herdsman, in tone of awe.

"Shining over Mexico it naturally becomes the Mexican Moon," the adventurer replied, tranquilly.

"Just as you like," answered the adventurer, carelessly.

"You rode this morning to the Mission-priest, Father Phillip; you questioned him regarding a certain child that you gave unto his care years ago."

"Did I?" and the adventurer smiled, with an air of perfect composure.

"Yes, and you found that the child had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. Am I still correct?"

"Oh; gospel truth!" exclaimed Lope.

"In this struggle of wits between us, one point alone have you gained; the leaden casket with the precious papers which prove the right of the heirs of Bandera to their vast estate, is in your hands; but, even you, yourself, must admit that, unless you can find the heirs, the papers are of little value."

"Well, now, I am sorry that you think so; for I was just going to offer to sell them to you," Lope said, carelessly.

"I do not think that I care to buy them," Bandera observed, coldly.

"Because it is the dangerous moon."

"Dangerous?" cried the adventurer, in wonder.

"Yes, for when this moon rises the Indians mount their mustangs and ride upon the war-path against the frontier settlements."

"Oh, I understand now!" Lope exclaimed.

"If I leave the hacienda after dark, I am liable to fall in with some of these red warriors, for this is the frontier."

"Yes, that is it," the herdsman assented.

"Will you have the kindness to explain the difference, and also why it is termed the Mexican Moon?" Lope asked, his curiosity excited.

"Shining over Mexico it naturally becomes the Mexican Moon," said the herdsman, in tone of awe.

"Just as you like," answered the adventurer, carelessly.

"You rode this morning to the Mission-priest, Father Phillip; you questioned him regarding a certain child that you gave unto his care years ago."

"Did I?" and the adventurer smiled, with an air of perfect composure.

"Yes, and you found that the child had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. Am I still correct?"

"Oh; gospel truth!" exclaimed Lope.

"In this struggle of wits between us, one point alone have you gained; the leaden casket with the precious papers which prove the right of the heirs of Bandera to their vast estate, is in your hands; but, even you, yourself, must admit that, unless you can find the heirs, the papers are of little value."

"Well, now, I am sorry that you think so; for I was just going to offer to sell them to you," Lope said, carelessly.

"I do not think that I care to buy them," Bandera observed, coldly.

"Because it is the dangerous moon."

"Dangerous?" cried the adventurer, in wonder.

"Yes, for when this moon rises the Indians mount their mustangs and ride upon the war-path against the frontier settlements."

"Oh, I understand now!" Lope exclaimed.

"If I leave the hacienda after dark, I am liable to fall in with some of these red warriors, for this is the frontier."

"Yes, that is it," the herdsman assented.

"Will you have the kindness to explain the difference, and also why it is termed the Mexican Moon?" Lope asked, his curiosity excited.

"Shining over Mexico it naturally becomes the Mexican Moon," said the herdsman, in tone of awe.

"Just as you like," answered the adventurer, carelessly.

"You rode this morning to the Mission-priest, Father Phillip; you questioned him regarding a certain child that you gave unto his care years ago."

"Did I?" and the adventurer smiled, with an air of perfect composure.

"Yes, and you found that the child had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. Am I still correct?"

"Oh; gospel truth!" exclaimed Lope.

"In this struggle of wits between us, one point alone have you gained; the leaden casket with the precious papers which prove the right of the heirs of Bandera to their vast estate, is in your hands; but, even you, yourself, must admit that, unless you can find the heirs, the papers are of little value."

"Well, now, I am sorry that you think so; for I was just going to offer to sell them to you," Lope said, carelessly.

"I do not think that I care to buy them," Bandera observed, coldly.

"Because it is the dangerous moon."

"Dangerous?" cried the adventurer, in wonder.

"Yes, for when this moon rises the Indians mount their mustangs and ride upon the war-path against the frontier settlements."

"Oh, I understand now!" Lope exclaimed.

"If I leave the hacienda after dark, I am liable to fall in with some of these red warriors, for this is the frontier."

"Yes, that is it," the herdsman assented.

"Will you have the kindness to explain the difference, and also why it is termed the Mexican Moon?" Lope asked, his curiosity excited.

"Shining over Mexico it naturally becomes the Mexican Moon," said the herdsman, in tone of awe.

"Just as you like," answered the adventurer, carelessly.

"You rode this morning to the Mission-priest, Father Phillip; you questioned him regarding a certain child that you gave unto his care years ago."

"Did I?" and the adventurer smiled, with an air of perfect composure.

"Yes, and you found that the child had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. Am I still correct?"

"Oh; gospel truth!" exclaimed Lope.

"In this struggle of wits between us, one point alone have you gained; the leaden casket with the precious papers which prove the right of the heirs of Bandera to their vast estate, is in your hands; but, even you, yourself, must admit that, unless you can find the heirs, the papers are of little value."

"Well, now, I am sorry that you think so; for I was just going to offer to sell them to you," Lope said, carelessly.

"I do not think that I care to buy them," Bandera observed, coldly.

"Because it is the dangerous moon."

"Dangerous?" cried the adventurer, in wonder.

"Yes, for when this moon rises the Indians mount their mustangs and ride upon the war-path against the frontier settlements."

"Oh, I understand now!" Lope exclaimed.

"If I leave the hacienda after dark, I am liable to fall in with some of these red warriors, for this is the frontier."

"Yes, that is it," the herdsman assented.

"Will you have the kindness to explain the difference, and also why it is termed the Mexican Moon?" Lope asked, his curiosity excited.

"Shining over Mexico it naturally becomes the Mexican Moon," said the herdsman, in tone of awe.

"Just as you like," answered the adventurer, carelessly.

"You rode this morning to the Mission-priest, Father Phillip; you questioned him regarding a certain child that you gave unto his care years ago."

"Did I?" and the adventurer smiled, with an air of perfect composure.

"Yes, and you found that the child had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. Am I still correct?"

"Oh; gospel truth!" exclaimed Lope.

"In this struggle of wits between us, one point alone have you gained; the leaden casket with the precious papers which prove the right of the heirs of Bandera to their vast estate

A MORAL LESSON.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

With rampant front, on youn' recumbent log,
Ready to leap at any undue racket,
Observe my philistine friend, that frog,
Taking the sun upon his emerald jacket.

He doth not tell, and either does he spin,
Ye Solomon in all his earthly glory
Was not arrayed like—don't you see him grin?
Indeed he's made me quite forget the story!

No vain ambition animates his days,
Although from natural instinct he is frisky,
Nor does he boast of his ancestral race,
Nor revel in the vanities of whisky.

The pride of Fashion's fools he never knew;
Content in his one suit of soft morocco,
He does not swear as other people do,
Nor his expressive lips stain with tobacco.

You'd give him credit for perceptions keen,
And a good share of intellectual power,
Enough at least not to be taken in,
Or to seek shelter from a falling shower.

But stop, my philosophic friend who's draw
Dishonesty into your life by the frog's favor;
With a red rag fixed to it without savor.

Observe the tickled twinkle of his eye!
What pure crudity that grin expresses!

No doubt he thinks it some new-fangled fly;
Smells slowly of it and his fortune blessed.

He fondly trusts his phenologic bumps,
Thinks his eye's right and inwardly he giggles;

Worthy a better cause with zeal he jumps—
And see, how on your hook he writes and wriggles!

And now, to put a moral to this tale—
There is man, however blessed by nature,

That will not find his wisdom sometimes fail,
Whether he be a frog or follow-creature.

Elroy Chase's "Man."

A STORY OF BALTIMORE.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"I THOUGHT our city journals were read by some people who wanted work; but it seems that they are not, for here my advertisement had the 'Wanted' column of the *American* these three mornings, and not a soul has appeared. Something's wrong with the people. If I were in England, my office would have been besieged by a thousand people an hour after the first paper left the press. I guess I had best discontinue the advertisement, and hunt up my man."

As the speaker finished, he replaced the long-nine between his teeth, and again his eyes fell upon the paper.

Elroy Chase was an Englishman, as his features would indicate. Reaching the Monumental City when property commanded low prices, he invested his cash in real estate, and a few years served to make him a comparatively wealthy man. But still he was not satisfied. Building after building he sold, for gold possessed wonderful beauty in his eyes, and at last, when we introduce him to the reader, but two stately structures, on Charles street—not the magnificent Charles street of to-day—remained in his hands.

Having practiced before the bar in his native country, he pursued his profession in Baltimore, where he contrived to turn a few honest pennies, but the dishonest ones he gained were legion. Once he left Baltimore and sought his fortune in the old Bay State; but after a year he returned, and people once more beheld his "shingle" on Courtlandt street.

When he advertised for a man, it was in the early days of Baltimore newspapers, and when everybody who would toll found plenty of work; therefore, it is not surprising that no applicants called at his office.

A few minutes after the lawyer's audible soliloquy, he was startled by a knock at his door.

"There's a polite ignoramus!" exclaimed the Englishman, as he bade the visitor enter.

The door slowly opened, and a genuine Yankee, sporting a faded gingham umbrella, stepped into Chase's sanctum.

"Good-mornin'," said the Aminadab-Sleek-looking individual, executing a ludicrous bow to the Englishman, who regarded him with a faint smile. "Somewhat drizzy for May," and he glanced wistfully at the huge pitcher of punch that graced the table, as he seated himself in a chair unbidden. "I've walked all the way from Camden street, an' my umbrella couldn't prevent the mist from gettin' into my bones. Yer hain't got any 'Saints' Rests' in this town, hev yeou? I looked everywhere for one; I wanted to git a bowl o' punch."

Elroy Chase acknowledged the hint, and invited the Yankee to help himself to the steaming liquor, an invitation which he quickly accepted.

While he regarded the limer man, he law-

yer regarded him closely. He thought he detected something that proclaimed his visitor the "man" he wanted. There lurked evidences of a sly-iniquitous life about that meek countenance, and the longer, closer Elroy Chase looked, the more he thought he could not be mistaken.

So, when the Yankee emptied the second tumbler of punch, and praised the article, Elroy begged him to be seated, remove his hat, umbrella, etc., and to make himself at home generally.

"I suppose, sir, that you seek my profes-

sional services," said Elroy Chase, for the

purpose of bringing his visitor back to the

visit, for under the influence of the punch,

he was immortalizing the land of his birth.

"No, sir-ee," said the Yankee, quickly.

"I never git into trouble. Honest men

don't need law. But, you see, as how I

read in a stray paper down to the depot

that you wanted a 'brave man.' That's the

way it read, I b'lieve."

The lawyer's eyes flashed with triumph, and he confirmed his visitor's venture with a smiling nod.

"Wal, I calcilate as how I'm yer man,"

continued the Yankee, who had given his name as Uriah Jones. "I'm calld a brave man to home. I've whipped everybody

within three mile o' Jemsboro', and once I

served the State in Bosting."

Here he gave Chase a wink, and smiled.

"What! have you been in the peni-

tentiary?" cried the lawyer, surveying the person-like individual before him.

"That's what they says," was the re-

sponse. "Yeou see, a lot of us made some

money, an' they put us through for it."

"Counterfeiting!" laughed the English-

man.

"Theet's the vulgar name fur makin' mo-

ney in the woods. But let thet pass,

sir. I'm strapped, save a fip my mother

gave me to t'arnin' the Commandments,

an' I won't part with thet. You want a

man; I'm ther chap. I'll do any thing, I

don't care what it is."

"Ain't you afraid of the penitentiary?"

questioned Elroy Chase, feeling his way.

"No. I've l'arned how tew keep out o' them since I've been there."

That answer satisfied the Englishman.

"Yes, I want a man," he said; "a brave man, as I said in the paper, and I'll tell you what for."

He rose, locked the door, and, returning to his chair, resumed:

"I've a store-up-town that I can't sell, and I must have money to take up some notes that are nearly due. That store is heavily insured—in fact, for more than it is worth."

"Yas," drawled Uriah Jones. "Yeou want the insurance, an' yeou can't git it until the building goes to pot."

"Just so, and I propose to pay you well for doing the job."

"Wal, I've no objection, seeing as how it's an easy way of puttin' money into my wallet," responded Uriah. "Old Ben Franklin said: 'Put money into thy purse; but he didn't say how. Shouldn't wonder if he filled his wallet by burnin' stores. Do you carry the keys to the buildin'?"

"I carry one; the young clerk that sleeps in the store has the other."

"We mustn't burn him."

"Ah! but we must!" almost hissed the Englishman.

"Then yeou two are at loggerheads," ventured Uriah.

"Yes, curse him! I'll tell you how it stands. For six months I've been trying to marry a girl on Entate street; but my confounded clerk, who manages the store, took her right away from me, and next week he's going to marry her."

"That would rile me," said the Yankee; "an' along with the store, death will foreclose the mortgage on—what's his name's life?"

"His name is Shelby Moore."

"But soon he'll be no more," pursued Uriah, helping himself to another glass of punch. "When do you want the job done?"

"To-morrow night, for the day following witnesses the expiration of my policies."

"Jest so!" ejaculated the Yankee. "But the young chap might escape if we don't chloroform 'im, an' I propose a kind o' co-operative association, for which I will not

be paid."

It was during the very height of the Indian war in Kentucky, which gave to that State the name of the "dark and bloody ground," that Edward Thorman settled upon what is now known as Wilson's Creek, near the present village of Bardstown.

The cabin was erected upon a slight elevation near the mouth of the creek where it

emptied into the Beech Fork, and com-

and swam quickly to the other side. Here he emerged, leaving a broad trail in the soft clay, and reaching the hard earth upon top of the bank, he turned and leaped back into the stream, and struck out with great swiftness for the end of the log, which lay partially in the water. This he reached before the savages appeared over the hill, and crawling into the hollow, was, for the time, at least, safely concealed.

From where he was of course nothing could be seen. He could judge of the movements of the savages only by the sounds they made, but these, together with the smell of burning timbers that soon filled the air, told him that his cabin had been fired.

He also heard several of the Indians leap

into the water and swim across to where he had emerged, and from the rapidly receding yell uttered by these, he knew that his *ruste* had succeeded, and that they were searching for him in the dense timber of the bottom-land.

For more than an hour he lay listening to the whoops of the Indians that were

dancing about his burning cabin, and presently he became aware that they must have gotten hold of a small keg of spirits he had

cached near by, and were fast getting under the influence of the stimulating draught.

He was not long in doubt in regard to

this matter; the savages, as the fiery liquor

mounted into their brains, became, as they

always do, perfect demons, and went howling and screeching back and forth between the

burning dwelling and the creek, in whose cool waters they frequently came

down to slake their thirst.

Thorman now became satisfied that his

chances for escape were good. If the Indians would only keep up their drink until

midnight, he was certain of getting clear.

In the meanwhile the others had come

back from a fruitless search in the timber,

and having reported, instant search of the immediate neighborhood was instituted.

Here the liquor again stood his friend.

Those who had just come in were jealous

of the quantity the others were drinking,

getting more than their share, and pitched

into it with extraordinary ardor.

These, too, soon became drunk, and then

arose such a perfect pandemonium of sound,



ELROY CHASE'S "MAN."

manned a wide view of the hill and "bottom" country, as well as a long reach up the river.

For nearly ten years Thorman lived unmolested, meeting with no trouble from the Indians, or, in fact, from any thing else, save on one occasion.

This was from a violent storm that arose one night, which not only blew the roof from off the cabin, but leveled to the earth a tall old poplar tree that stood in the "front yard" near the bank of the creek, and was

some twenty feet in length, which was hollow throughout its entire length.

But even this was made of use. Constantly fearing an attack from the savages, Thorman, with that forethought peculiar to men in like situations, who have to think and prepare for every thing, made this hollow log the receptacle for his powder, of which he usually had several pounds on hand, and various other articles very difficult to procure in these backwoods.

Having made this preparation for emergencies, he continued hunting and trapping as usual, assured that, if the cabin was burned, he would not be left entirely helpless in the wilderness.

The summer passed, and winter was again at hand. Early one cold, crisp morning in the early part of November, the settler stepped out of his door to take the usual look at surroundings, and almost the first thing his eye encountered was a canoe filled with savages just rounding in at the mouth of the creek, their intention evidently being to visit his cabin.

The two saw each other at the same moment, and the savages, uttering their usual yell, quickly ran their light craft against the bank, sprang ashore, and rushed for the house.

The surprise was almost complete, and Thorman saw at a glance that if he attempted flight into the forest, he would be almost certain of capture eventually, as the nature of the country was not well adapted to concealment.

Such men do not think long, and by the time the proof of the Shawnees canoe touched the bank, he was out of sight.

Between the Indians and the open space that lay in front of his cabin, and which extended down to the creek, there was a slight elevation, and taking advantage of this, Thorman made for the water some distance above where the hollow log lay, sprung in,

and swam quickly to the other side. Here he emerged, leaving a broad trail in the soft

clay, and reaching the hard earth upon top

of the bank, he turned and leaped back into the stream, and struck out with great swiftness for the end of the log, which lay partially in the water. This he reached before the savages appeared over the hill, and crawling into the hollow, was, for the time, at least, safely concealed.

Not only about it, but on it, and over it,

as thick as bees in a swarm.

Thurman had not long to wait for the de-

nouement, but still the time seemed intermi-

nable.

More brush had been piled on, and the

log itself was now fairly ablaze; the end

could not be far off